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# ...The Vista...

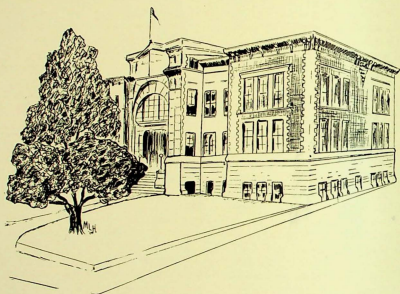
Volume V.

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Published by the Senior Class of New Albany  
High School  
MCMIX

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New Albany, Indiana  
The Tribune Company, Printers and Binders  
1909



64-2549



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IN the coming years when the class of '09 is scattered far, and there is only a memory to tell of school days, we will know that they were days of pleasure.

For many years we have been studying and possibly it seems that one night and a piece of white paper are all that show the results of our work. After a time Virgil will be forgotten and all of our vast store of knowledge will be hidden in dust-covered books, but the memory of some lessons learned not from books will make us stronger to resist temptations, and the world will be the happier for us.

Much of our school life has been centered about Professor Buerk, familiarly and lovingly known as "Prof." For three years we were with him as Principal of the High School and when this year he was made Superintendent of Schools, we missed him, missed the story and the jolly laugh and the kindly word given to all.

Now that we are leaving we take pleasant memories of Professor Buerk, a man who has been a model and an inspiration to us all.

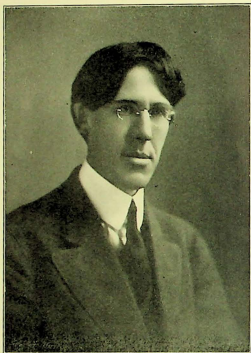
We are standing today on the threshold of a different life, and now our ways divide, never again to unite. Summer will pass to autumn, another school year will begin but not for us; other classes will take our accustomed places and we will be far away.

When the new High School building was opened four years ago we entered as Freshmen, and when we leave, the High School of New Albany will celebrate its fiftieth annual Commencement with the largest class that has ever graduated from the High School.

We are taking with us pleasant memories, and although the classes which follow may have greater ability, none can love the school more than we love it. We do not know what the misty future holds for us, whether little of joy or much of sorrow, but this we do know, that wherever or whatever we shall be, the High School will always be remembered as the brightest spot in our school life.

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To

**Charles B. McLinn**

Principal of the New Albany High School, for three years our loved and  
efficient teacher in English, whose kindly heart and help-  
ing hand have made him a true friend, this  
volume is affectionately dedica-  
ted by The Class



CHARLES DAY, President of the School Board

EARL S. GWIN, Secretary of the School Board

GEORGE MOSER, Treasurer of the School Board

ALICE FUNK, Botany

HARRY A. BUERK, Superintendent of Schools

EDWIN KAHL, Physics and Chemistry

LUCIE POUCHER, Latin

LOUIS DIRKS, Latin and German.

HETTIE NEAT, German and Mathematics



ALBERT KOHLMEIER, History

FLORENCE WOOD, English

FRED W. BRAVY, History and Mathematics

GRACE BAERD, English

LALAH RANDLE, Latin and English

CHARLES E. JENKINS, Mathematics

CHARLOTTE ZIEGELBAUR, Calisthenics

ANTON EMBS, Music

GEORGIANNA LOCKHART, Art





BM

**Irma Lyons**

I may justly say with that  
hook-nosed fellow of  
Rome, "I came, saw and  
overcame."



**George Day**

For me, I thank the saints I  
am not great.



**Lola Reid**

What a spendthrift is she of  
her tongue.



**Fay Lewis**

She knows her man.



**Walter Conner**

As happy mixture of good  
sense and wit as ever in  
one man are met.



**Mary Hill**

And mistress of herself 'tho  
china fall.



**Katharine McQuiddy**

And when she says 'tis so,  
'tis so,  
And other arguments may  
go.



**Herbert Moore**

My aims are not for money.  
My ambitions they are  
small;  
You could wrap them all  
together  
In an auld plaid shawl.



**William Bomke**

Not a care or sorrow troubles  
you  
When you know the girl you  
love loves you.



**Elizabeth Garrison**

And now I have arrived at  
last unto the wished-for  
haven of my bliss.



**Marian Neat**

So perfectly the lines express  
A tranquil settled loveliness.



**Helen McDonald**

All womankind are so perverse  
If naught seemed better,  
nothing's worse.



**Mildred Rogers**

I have found you an argument,  
I am not obliged to  
find you an understanding.



**Clifford LaDue**

I to myself am dearer than  
a friend.



**Griffin Pleiss**

As proper man as one would  
see upon a summer's day.



**Barbara Weathers**

An unassuming, yet a pleasant  
miss.



**Mabel Bigwood**

Let never maiden think,  
however fair,  
She is not fairer in new  
clothes than old.



**William Strickland**

More studious to divide than  
to unite.



**Julia Schan**

To be merry well becomes  
you,  
In truth you were born to  
enjoy life.



**Nell Willett**

Looking the irresistible  
loveliness that makes men  
captives.

**Karl Kelly**

For every why he had a  
wherefore,



**Walter Schmitt**

Slow down to three miles  
an hour.

**Aline Cerf**

Another flood of words, a  
very torrent.



**Irma Zinsmeister**

A perfect miss in all the  
graces that become a  
woman.

**Ralph Woodward**

As good a man as any on  
the field.



**Estyl Inman**

She is pleasant to walk with  
And witty to talk with  
And jolly, too, withal.

**Belle Finch**

When one is contented there  
is no more to be desired;  
And when there is no more  
to be desired there is an  
end of it.



**Leila Beach**

Girls do not excel in phil-  
osophy. We have ascer-  
tained that this is not  
their forte.

**Margaret Sauer**

If ladies be but young and  
fair,  
They have the gift to know  
it.



**Vincent Whitsitt**

Hang sorrow! Care will kill  
a cat,  
And therefore let's be  
merry.

**Maud Thomas**

I have never sought the  
world,  
The world is not to seek me.

**Elsa Goodbub**

If you praised her as charming,  
folks asked what you  
meant,  
But the charm of her presence  
was felt where she  
went.

**Florine Busenbark**

Comely, a mirthful woman,  
One who delights in laughter.

**Hildred Funk**

Who loves my art will never  
wish it lower to suit my  
stature.

**Elizabeth Mulloy**

Behold the woman wise in  
speech  
And all that inward thought  
can teach.



**Frances Sands**

I say just what I mean, no  
more.

**Roy Genung**

In the spring a young man's  
fancy lightly turns to  
thoughts of love.

**Lenora Braeutigam**

Thy modesty's a candle to  
thy merit.

**Pauline Dale**

Some are weatherwise,  
Some are other wise.

**Hester Marshall**

Do not in everything seek  
the how, the why, and the  
wherefore.



**Oscar Erni**

My tongue within my lips I  
rein,  
For who talks much must  
talk in vain.

**Bonnie Morbley**

And if she will, she will, you  
may depend on't,  
And if she won't, she won't,  
so there's an end on't.

**Margaret Reid**

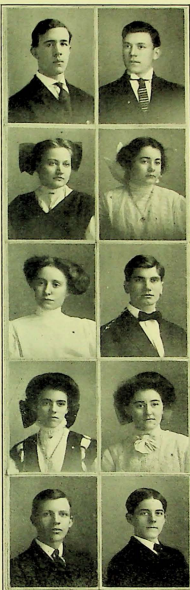
She is pink with such a  
pink that suits the peach  
divinely.

**Lillian Walter**

When I'm not thanked at  
all for what I do, I'm  
thanked enough,  
I've done my duty, and I've  
done no more.

**Earl Evans**

Let us consider the reason  
of the case.



**Alfred Dowd**

No case for me. Woman, I  
wouldn't give a cent for  
the whole lot.

**Lillian Fix**

Though my voice is not  
tremendous strong, it is  
sweet.

**Urban Widman**

He ask what most in life is  
worth his care,  
Looks in the glass and finds  
his answer there.

**Alma Rilling**

Duty before pleasure, al-  
ways.

**Lafayette Robinson**

And Lafayette  
Robinson he  
says that is his idea of the  
thing to a tee.

**Irma Brown**

A maiden tutored in the  
rudiments of many a des-  
perate study.



**Irma Patton**

We are charmed by neatness  
of person,  
Let not thy hair be out of  
order.



**Ruth Shrader**

By my skill I have many  
acquaintances  
And by my manners very  
many friends.



**Nell Lemmon**

But musical as is Apollo's  
lute.



**Margaret Greene**

Fate tried to conceal her by  
calling her Greene.



**Dan Walsh, Jr.**

What can I do to be forever  
known,  
And make the century to  
come my own.



**Stanley Walker**

As a wit, if not the first, in  
the very first line.



**James Clark**

(Wo)man is the most  
changeable of creatures.



**Scott Leach**

Music is the outlet of the  
soul within.



**Eda Irwin**

Blessed with plain reason  
and common sense.



**Irene Rohlfing**

Life is too short for mean  
anxieties.

**Alma McCulloch**

She speaks, behaves and  
acts just as she ought.

**Edna Sagabiel**

The mildest manners and  
the gentlest heart.

**Bennie Krey**

A man he seems of cheerful  
yesterdays and confident  
tomorrows.



**Bertha Turner**

O, blessed with temper  
whose unclouded ray  
Can make tomorrow cheer-  
ful as today.

**Mary Hieb**

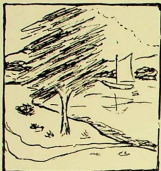
It would take a wiser head  
than mine to understand  
her.

**Margaret McDonough**

To quiet be 'tis not her way  
for sure in that  
And all her sense is only  
chat  
Like any other woman.

**Jessie Caldwell**

A delicate frail thing.  
But made for spring sun-  
shine or summer shade.



## ~ Vista Board ~

Editor-in-Chief  
Margaret Greene

Assistants~

Eda Irwin

Roy Genung

Herbert Moore

Art~

Mildred Funk

Mary Hieb

Bonnie Horbley

Mildred Rogers

Business Manager~


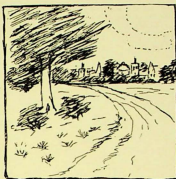
Clifford La Duc

Assistant~

Walter Conner



~Class Officers~



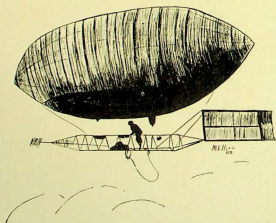
~President~  
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Roy Benung  
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Mary Hill  
~Treasurer~  
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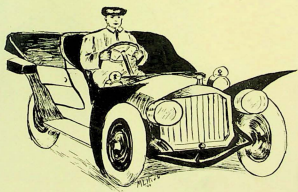
~Class Motto~  
Esse quam videri

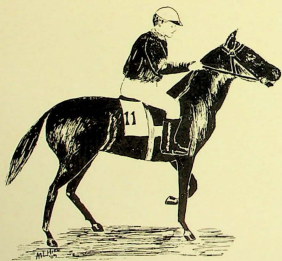
~Class Colors~  
Green and Gold





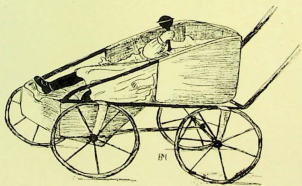
















## Abituri Salutamus

O ye familiar scenes, ye lofty walls,  
In whose repose the echoes first we called,  
Then first unloosed the sounds that from that day  
Have never yet entirely died away;

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose  
In griefs we sorrowed or in joys we rose  
And triumphed, we, who are about to leave, salute you.

Ye can not feel and can not, will not, care  
What paths we take or when we go or where,  
What merry crowds of children throng these halls,  
What voices catch our echoes as they fall.  
Ye heed us not, we pass unmarked by thee  
As rolling waters to an unknown sea,  
But we, who love and are about to leave, salute you.

Not so, ye teachers, who, in these four years,  
Have led our footsteps and have calmed our fears;  
Though oft we've tried your patience with our fun,  
And failed our duty by our tasks undone.  
Some time, perchance, to think you'll pause,  
And may you then forget the present cause  
Of all your trouble. We, who are about to leave, salute you.

Ye younger students who so soon will take  
The place we now reluctantly forsake;  
Students, so full of pride and promise fair,  
Set high your mark, and strive to keep it there.  
Be true, live up to all that now is here,  
And going, leave a heritage more dear  
Than ours. We, who are about to leave, salute you.

We all must come, a moment stay, then pass,  
And go the course of each forgotten class;  
Pass from our present world and its small rush,  
And know no longer it has need of us.  
Pass as a shadow thrown upon a screen,  
Which holds the interest fast as long as seen,  
And then is gone forever. We, who are about to leave, salute you.



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What, then, shall we to you who follow say?  
Strive not at all, it lasts but for a day.  
Better to make that day a day so full  
Of that which life at this time holds for all,  
That, passing, you shall rise to greater heights  
Among the memories of a well-spent life.  
Bring to the task in hand a purpose true,  
We, who are about to leave, salute you.

—EDA IRWIN.

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### TO A LADY

A smiling woman took us by the hand  
And led us to a quiet still retreat,  
Away from noisy crowds and tramping feet,  
As in despairing gloominess we stand  
A straggling and unhappy Freshman band,  
Her brow is calm, her smiles so bright and sweet  
Her kindly eyes seem always to entreat,  
Her gentle voice ne'er given to command  
But when our efforts fail, we strive in vain,  
She ne'er reproves us, never stoops to blame,  
All through these years in pleasure or in pain  
To be like her has been our highest aim,  
And as we struggle on the end to gain  
We'll ne'er forget that dear and honored name.

—IRMA PATTON.

## Poppy's Departure

Poppy was my dearest friend and for one afternoon I was to have her all to myself—she was then to go back home and it might be years before we could again see each other. The family had gone to spend the day in the suburb—perhaps for our especial benefit. With a soft spring breeze blowing in at the open door, we were perfectly contented in each other's sight. We did not allow a thought of approaching train time to spoil our bliss.

Autos were not very numerous in our neighborhood, so, when we heard one puffing up the street, we ran to the door to watch it. I know my heart stopped beating when I saw it slow up in front of the gate and realized what it meant. In a minute I had told her all.

"O, Poppy!" I gasped, "It's Uncle Eli and Aunt Sophronia, I know—finicky old people that are killing themselves touring. She's mother's great aunt—I've never seen *him*. They wrote saying they would try to stop by for an hour—they were rushed, it might be less—next Thursday, almost a week yet. They are rich. We were going to make a showing—new dresses, servant, and so forth." By this time they were getting out. "O, Poppy dear!" I hurried on, "we want to be alone." Then this thought flashed upon me. "You play servant, I'll hide. Tell them the family won't be back till late, don't know how to reach them by phone, sorry and so on—and maybe they will go on."

Before Poppy could protest, I was gone and they were at the open door. I could hear it all. Poppy made good, but alas, Uncle Eli and Aunt Sophronia did not.

"O, yes," said Aunt Sophronia, peering into Poppy's pretty face, "we will come in and wait for the family, if you will be so kind as to let us pass," for Poppy's slender shoulders had effectually barricaded the front door. Uncle Eli went on to explain that an auto in their party had broken down and they had come to stay till it arrived tomorrow noon. "And which one of the girls are you?" he asked, patting Poppy's pink cheek with a grimy hand.

Poppy stood aghast, but whether at Uncle Eli's affection, the length of their visit or the story she must tell, I do not know. "I—d—I'm not anybody" she stammered, "I'm the servant." Then recovering herself, she led them in, relieved them of their wraps and afraid to call me, began to ask questions about the automobile accident. I knew that it would never do for me to go in then and try to make explanations, it would shock the poor old things so. I had to decide quickly.

I peeped in and saw that the old people were seated with their backs to the door where I was standing and that Poppy was facing it. Noiselessly, I got a card and wrote in large letters, "O. K. Will relieve you soon." Then quietly, oh so quietly, excepting my heart—it made me think of Poe's "Tell-tale Heart"—I pulled back a portierre and held up the card. Poppy read it without breaking her sentence and then looking straight at Aunt Sophronia, nodded her head most complacently. I nearly giggled, she looked so sober and interested. It would have saved me a great deal of worry had I known that my aunt and uncle were deaf and nearsighted.

In two minutes I threw on my hat, veil and coat, slipped out a back door, through a side gate and down a back street two blocks below our house and waited for a car. It seemed awfully long when I knew that Poppy must go so soon.

The car stopped in front of our house with a rattle. I stepped off the car and

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looked up to see two old faces peering at me through the window. I suddenly realized that I had forgotten my gloves, also my uncle's last name. He was only a great uncle by his very recent marriage and it would seem so familiar to call him Uncle Eli to his face. We girls had done it only jokingly, among ourselves.

When I entered, Poppy, still dressed as servant girl, was serving coffee. How she ever managed it I don't know for she wasn't at all familiar with the house. She told me a little later that at her offer to serve the coffee, the man pressed a quarter in her hands and she, astonished, accepted it without a word. What a disgrace some servants are.

I managed to kiss Aunt Sophronia whom I had not seen since I was four years old and to shake hands cordially with the new uncle and explained the situation as I did so.

"Poppy has gotten word that her mother is very ill and has to leave now for the train. As mother does not like for the house to be left long alone, I have come in early to take Poppy to the train and then keep house till the family shall arrive."

Mr. Who-ever-he-was politely offered the service of his auto but Poppy humbly declined and protested that she was afraid as he began to insist. Fearing it might seem strange to them that I should accompany a servant to the train, I whispered aside in Aunt's ear, "She's so worried about her mother, I'm afraid she might faint." Then aloud, that I hoped to be back in half an hour and was so glad that the house would not be left alone. I found the family album, somewhere, for their amusement, and after dusting it with my handkerchief behind their backs, Poppy and I left.

For awhile we would giggle, then we would grow serious because of all the stories we had told but I would do it all again for those last minutes with Poppy. To our joy the train was late, so arm in arm we strolled down the track, too sad to talk. When we heard the whistle we had time for only one embrace away from onlookers and then hurried back.

Poppy had the convenience of a parlor car for her grief "for her ill mother," but I had to go back to strangers where I dared show no grief for a departed servant more than because I must get the evening meal.

Aunt Sophronia said that she thought plain handkerchiefs were so neat and that green was her favorite color so when the auto came in the morning she left a plain handkerchief for mother, a breast pin studded with green glass for me and for the little servant girl, to whom she had taken a fancy, a motto bearing the words, "Well done, thy good and faithful servant."

—HILDRED FUNK.

## The Magic Casement

The sun was sinking o'er the mountain crest,  
Flooding with light each hill and lofty spire,  
The weary clouds seemed pausing oft to rest,  
Each one arrayed in bright and shining fire;  
The winds had ceased to blow with reckless blast  
And calm and peaceful whispered to the trees,  
Caressed the lake and made its waters wink.

Day done at last,  
Peace reigns supreme on lands and azure seas,  
All nature into slumber seems to sink.

Then as the moon comes forth in all its splendor  
And silently the twinkling stars appear,  
There come slow sighings pitiful yet tender.  
What are they? And whence come the sounds we hear?  
'Tis from the lonely castle mystic, strange,  
That borders on yon dark and perilous sea,  
In its dim corridors weird phantoms meet  
With magic power to charm, enchant, and change  
The forms of nature or to set them free  
From thralls of magic with their powers complete.

The straggling moonbeams light the moaning halls,  
And break the shadows numberless and gray.  
All streaked with dust and wasted are the walls,  
Some robed in moss and fallen to decay.  
Up from the waves a secret stairway winds,  
Guarded by day by crouching shadowy forms,  
By night by tiny elves and dancing sprites.  
Within this hall of fame all mortal minds  
That cherish learning more than beauty's charms  
Toil on and seek that which their soul delights.

Some strive on, never tiring, never ceasing,  
Their purpose never blotted from their hearts;  
Their pleasures few, their labors e'er increasing,  
They live secluded, lonely and apart  
From all the vanities of worldly life.  
Striving each day to climb the narrow way  
Up to the magic casement far above,  
To look through it and to forget the strife  
For learning's sake, the pleasures cast away,  
And to rejoice that 'twas for this they strove.

—IRMA PATTON.

## The Vision

As the door closed behind her, Mary stood listening until not the faintest sound could be heard and she knew the carriage was swallowed in the blackness under the hill. Then exhausted with excitement she dropped into a chair and watched the moonlight stream in at the windows of the still old house and quiver on the low rocker where years ago Mary's mother had sat every day listening until the angels called her.

Mary had been left to run wild and grow up into a plain awkward school girl. She did not say much, but she thought and thought. She quivered in every nerve when she heard music and dreamed for days about the real pictures she saw.

She grew up longing to do something which she knew she could do yet never could get at. The four years of High School passed and still the great things were undone.

Now her graduation was all over. The lights and the flowers and the fluffy dresses seemed only a dream of the past. That which she had looked forward to for so long was nothing after all. Instead of a career before her she saw only uncertainty and even failure.

While she brooded hating herself and tired of everything, she suddenly gave a cry of joy. In the low rocker with the moonlight streaming over her sat the same delicate smiling eyed woman whom Mary had idolized and dreamed about for fourteen years. One look at her patient face and Mary's cheeks burned with shame. With a sob she threw herself on the floor and her head found its old resting place in the lap of the beautiful vision. "Oh, mother, mother, how impatient and foolish I have been!"

Hours later the moonlight streaming into the still room showed Mary in her white dress fast asleep with her head on the cushion of the low rocker. The beautiful vision was gone, but Mary was happier than she had ever been.



—BONNIE MORBLEY.

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### HONOR ROLL

Lillian Walter, *First Honors*

Eda Irwin, *Second Honors*

Alma Rilling  
Griffin Pleiss  
Nell Willett  
Hildred Funk  
Katherine McQuiddy  
Nell Lemmon  
Mary Hill  
Fay Lewis

Elsa Goodbub  
Karl Kelly  
Helen McDonald  
Clifford LaDuc  
Roy Genung  
Bonnie Morbley  
Mary Hieb  
Leila Beach

## My Old School Books

Which shall I sell? Which shall I sell?  
(My dear old books I love thee well)  
I looked at them, they stared at me,  
Which shall they be? Which shall they be?  
And when I found that we must part,  
A strange misgiving seized my heart.  
I'll read again what the postal said,  
And so my eyes across it sped.  
This is the message: "I will pay  
Without a word, what you shall say,  
If from the list of your old books  
(I will not mind about the looks),  
You'll sell to me all those I need,  
You won't refuse I hope indeed."  
I thought of this and thought of that,  
Of first my shoes and then my hat;  
I thought of all my direst needs.  
"Come now," I then said to myself,  
"Go choose among them on the shelf."  
And so, completely lost in thought,  
I went to seek my little lot.  
First to the lower shelf I stepped,  
On which my German books were kept,  
The early cares of High School life.  
Then softly opened each small book  
And o'er its contents stole a look.  
Within each one's a dried up stem,  
So then and there I said, "Not them."  
I stopped beside the second shelf,  
Where one long ray of sunlight fair  
Gleamed bright athwart the titles there.  
I loved my Algebra so well,  
What work it cost I cannot tell.  
It's worth the care to keep, thought I,  
And closed it as I hurried by.  
Then next my old Geometry  
Turned up its tear stained leaves to me.  
Its flyleaf bore in father's hand,  
Of hopeful words, a little band.  
No, aye a thousand noes, not that.  
In quiet thought awhile I sat.  
My History books the dear old pests  
With dry old facts and other tests,  
Could they be spared? Nay, they were given  
To me to have their value proven.



"Naught but a student's grace can be  
Patient enough to bear with thee."  
And so I thought I could not dare  
To trust these books to other's care.  
Then to my English books above,  
Those dear old books of lore and love.  
Perhaps with these I'd better part.  
The sweetest strains of human life,  
The worst of war and worst of strife,  
The life of him who tills the soil  
And him who shares the victor's spoil,  
Are told by Shakespeare's mighty hand  
Whose powerful genius moves the land.  
Within their language deep there lies  
A greater value in disguise,  
For 'tween their lines of fairy mould  
The grandest truths of life are told.  
Then mem'ry links its magic chains  
And calls to mind the humbler strains  
Full sweet as any ever told  
By man while in this mortal mould.  
As echoes of a gentler life  
That slipped away amid its strife,  
The noblest thoughts of Milton came.  
Today, tomorrow e'er the same  
His great broad life lives on in fame.  
Then Chaucer, Spenser, Pope, Carew  
With Byron, Keats, and Shelley too.  
Have each a corner of their own,  
And ample room for every one.  
Then Wordsworth, Coleridge, Goldsmith,  
Scott,  
The lovers of the humble cot  
And all of nature's great domain  
Sing to the poet's glad refrain.  
Of all my books these shall I keep  
Until the willows 'bove me weep.  
My Physics and Civics, the last of my band?  
I answered no and took my stand.  
And so I wrote with gracious care,  
That I had none that I could spare.  
And then at once my needs seemed less,  
No longer faced the dire distress  
Of parting with my old school books.  
Then I seemed still more glad to know  
That not a single dear old book  
Was missed from its accustomed nook.

—LILLIAN FIX.





## THE BLOTTER

The most important institution of any school is its paper for it is the one thing that is of universal interest. It is the promoter of athletics, the medium through which the school shows what it is doing and the goal of literary attainments. But greatest of all it is the force that molds the sentiment of the students so that they will purge out what is wrong and foster what is right.

It is with a realization of this fact that The Blotter has been conducted this year. The policy has been to speak out boldly for any reform that would better the school and to condemn unequivocally anything that is not for the good of N. A. H. S.

We had to coin a new word, "Academic Enthusiasm" to rightly describe the spirit of love for our school and devotion to its interests that has made us not only supreme in athletics but has made this "Peoples College" as nearly an ideal institution as can be found.

The Blotter has labored for every institution and movement that would bring glory to the Black and Red and never before has athletics received such support as in the past year, in fact it was largely instrumental in the establishment of baseball among us. The Blotter's motto has been, "If for the good of the school, not otherwise."

In literary quality and newsmanship, we believe the The Blotter ranks second to none, and careful arrangement of material has made the paper well balanced.

The honor accorded The Blotter away from home is most gratifying, and not only our school, but many others are rejoicing that The Blotter brought the knowledge of "Academic Enthusiasm" and the blessings that come with it. We are not emphasizing these achievements in the spirit of boasting but rather to hold up to those into whose care the destinies of The Blotter are about to pass what has already been accomplished so that they will be fired with a burning zeal to make it, what it should be, the best paper of the best High School in this land.

DAN WALSH, JR., Editor in Chief,



## HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

---

ANTON H. EMBS, *Director.*

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VIOLINS—

Ruth Shrader  
 Benj. Krey  
 Robert Coleman  
 Clifford Miller  
 Eleanor Conner  
 Martin Venable

BASS VIOL—

Walter Conner

PIANO—

Harriet Crosier

FLUTES—

Wm. Bomke  
 Edw. Devol

CLARINET—

Geo. Day

CORNETS—

Scott Leach  
 Bernet Leist  
 Chas. Voight

TROMBONE—

Albert Crandall

DRUMS—

Vivian Nunemacher

## The Scribblers

Please close that door, throw out that Blotter stuff.  
Can't people understand when once they've written enough?  
Well, since *you're* here, *you'll* have to stay, I guess,  
I wonder why folks do write to excess.  
Another Tommy Jones, written by Margaret Greene,  
I never could imagine what that girl did mean.  
It's Tommy's party, Tommy's school, Tommy a bashful beau,  
She's given me twenty of those things, and written more, I know.  
She's written parodies enough to drive a sane man wild,  
She's gained a little practice on every book compiled.  
There's Dan Walsh, will he ever let that Jr. rest?  
He has it on his cards, has his letters so addressed.  
To 'Academic Enthusiasm' thus he signs his name;  
That and his penmanship have won a place in fame.

There's that Blotter board, holding at least five meetings a week;  
If you're wanting information. just go down there to seek.  
When Mary Morrison gives me another talk on cooking,  
Her grade is surely going, not in the way she's looking.  
Pouch. Coleman's kindling poems are now known far and wide,  
While Will Beck and Ella Gardiner keep the office well supplied.

Those Sophomores are worse than any class I've seen before,  
They write all the verse I ask, then do a little more.  
We've had Launcelot and Elaine until I fairly blush;  
When I hear those people coming, they come with such a rush.  
I can recognize their footsteps away down the hall,  
And I know what they're bringing, I have one, at least, from all.

I've had stories of love and marriage, songs of war and songs of grief,  
You speak of writers prolific, it's really beyond belief.  
If the stories aren't smelling of sentiment ten cents great,  
They'll surely be telling of matters that are controlled by fate.  
Hildred's given me rare editions of ravvits' ears, pigs' tails, and such,  
And her 'Creation of America' won't aid historians much.  
That 3:20 bell is ringing, I'm sorry, but must go  
To talk of the Junior reception, given Seniors each year, you know.

# The Orchestra

What sound is this which greets the ear  
Is it a rolling drum I hear?  
While clarinet and breathing flute  
Make many a whispering tongue be mute  
O tell me what this sound may be  
Is this the High School orchestree.

The violins and cornets meet  
The trombone's notes sound clear and sweet  
Resounding through the silent hall  
Again re-echoing ere they fall.  
The bass viol's tones with other flow  
Again they sound, now loud, now low,  
And thus the band of Anton E.  
Remains the far-famed orchestree.

And may this band be ever known  
And may the High School keep her own  
In musicales when skill desired  
Shows all the practice then required.  
May friends know us as we know thee  
Thou long remembered orchestree  
All hail the band of Anton E.  
The far-famed High School Orchestree.

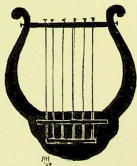
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Mr. Embs organized the orchestra three years ago and has so skillfully trained it that it is now one of our greatest sources of pride. This year it has played at nearly all of the High School and grade entertainments.

The recital on March 31 was the best Musical event of the year and well deserved the favorable comments of the large audience.

The graduation of the six Seniors will greatly affect the organization but the general interest aroused by the excellent playing of this year will no doubt bring in many recruits next fall.

We are proud of our orchestra and proud that six of the present members belong to the class of '09.





Right End .....	Herbert Moore	Left End, Ralph Woodward and Rob. Martin	
Right Tackle .....	Sherman Minton	Quarter-back .....	Clarence Rogers
Right Guard .....	Roy Daniels	Right Half-back .....	Floyd Fleming
Center .....	Maurice Gohmann	Left Half-back .....	Walter Heazlitt
Left Guard .....	Arlington Worsey	Full-back .....	Will Rudy
Left Tackle .....	Stanley Walker		

The season of 1908 must be considered from many points of view the most successful N. A. H. S. has ever experienced. We have at last been recognized throughout the state and it is for the coming teams to maintain our good reputation.

During this season we have met and defeated teams that before failed to recognize in us worthy opponents. Not only have we retained the Championship of Southern Indiana but N. A. H. S. has better claims to the Championship of the Falls Cities than any other school. We were mentioned as a State Championship possibility and had games been scheduled with north state schools this would have been proven.

At the beginning of the season six 1907 veterans were on hand. Captain Erni, the star half-back, was ineligible because of parental objection and Rogers was chosen in his stead. Coolman proved his ability as a coach in the developing of five new men. Mr. Bravy made valiant efforts to complete our schedule but was placed in charge too late. He is preparing a heavy schedule for next year having games now secured with L. M. H. S., K. M. I. and Anderson.

For the first time in our football history N. A. H. S. defeated Manual in a hard fought game 5-0. Fleming made the touchdown after a twenty yard run, but failed to kick goal.

The next game saw two teams more evenly matched than ever before on a Glenwood field and it was only by a bad pass that we lost to L. M. H. S. 2-0.

The husky soldier boys from K. M. I. were sent home defeated, their first defeat by an Indiana High School. Touchdowns by Fleming, Minton, and Daniels with two goals made the score 17-0, avenging our defeat of 1907.

Our old rival, Salem, was defeated in a stubborn contest 6-0 by a pretty forward pass to Rudy in the second half with only a few moments of play remaining. University School canceled and we closed the season with a 19-0 victory over Charlestown.

This must be regarded as a successful season, with the defeat of the Inter-Scholastic Champions of Kentucky to our credit and a goal line uncrossed by four of the strongest school teams of Indiana and Kentucky.

## THE TEAM

CLARENCE ROGERS, Quarter-back, Captain.—"Roge," our little captain, made up in hard and heady playing what he lacked in weight. An all around athlete and splendid quarterback.

WILL RUDY.—Will is an ideal plunging back, hits low and hard and keeps his feet well. He will make an excellent captain for 1909.

ROY DANIELS AND ARLINGTON WORSEY.—In Daniels and Worsey, N. A. H. S. has a pair of ideal guards. Speedy and heavy. Both will be in school next year.

STANLEY WALKER.—Stanley has played in every game for four years and has never missed a day of practice which accounts for his being the steadiest man on the team and the best tackle N. A. H. S. has ever produced.

SHERMAN MINTON.—"Shay" was a green man at the beginning of the season but developed rapidly and should be a great tackle in 1909.

FLOYD FLEMING.—It is hard to find a point in the game in which Floyd is deficient. He was placed on the All-State Team, a well deserved honor. He is the only N. A. H. S. player ever winning this distinction.

RALPH WOODWARD.—"Woody" was best when at the receiving end of a forward pass. He is a good tackler and an experienced player.

MAURICE GOHMANN.—"Cupid," our fair haired center, played a good game this year and with his weight and good nature should star next year.

WALTER HEAZLITT.—Walter is a great defensive player and breaks up the opponent's play before it is fairly started. He will be in school next year.

HERBERT MOORE AND ROBERT MARTIN, an unusually light pair of ends, worked well together, and, while inexperienced, they tackled well and showed a spirit that is bound to win.

A review of the season and team that took in only the 'varsity would be decidedly unjust. The second team with such men as Captain Beeler, Turner, Whitsett, Leach, Briscoe and many others made the High School team so efficient. These men endured the knocks of daily practice solely that the 'varsity might make a creditable showing and to them much of the success of the season is due.

## GAMES

Date	N. A. H. S.	Opponents	Played at
Sept. 19.	N. A. H. S. .... 5	M. T. H. S. .... 0	Glenwood
Oct. 13.	N. A. H. S. .... 0	L. M. H. S. .... 2	Glenwood
Oct. 10.	N. A. H. S. .... 17	K. M. I. .... 0	Glenwood
Oct. 17.	N. A. H. S. .... 6	Salem .... 0	Glenwood
Nov. 7.	N. A. H. S. .... 19	C. A. C. .... 0	Charlestown
Total	.....47	.....2	

Games won, 4. Games lost, 1. Touchdowns: Fleming, 3; Heazlitt, 1; Rudy, 1; Daniels, 1; Minton, 1. Goals: Fleming, 5 out of 37. Safety, 1.









Track Athletics has taken on new life in N. A. H. S. this year. School records that have stood for years have been broken, and no former team has won so many cups and trophies as the one representing N. A. H. S. this year. Capt. Leach is one of the fastest High School men in the State. The relay team, composed of Leach, Walker, Martin, Emery and G. Scott, has set a new school record of  $3.52\frac{1}{4}$ . They ran a mile on the track at Louisville Y. M. C. A. in  $4.00\frac{3}{4}$ , which is within three-fifths second of the track record. Beeler and Worsey have done good work in the mile. G. Scott, in the half-mile, and Scott, in the quarter, have won points. With these and Capt. Leach and Walker in the dashes, Dowd, Montgomery and G. Scott in the pole vault and jumps, Jeffersonville will not have much show when they meet us on the 15th of May in a dual meet. Dowd has set a new indoor record for the pole vault of 8 foot 3 inches. Minton and Fleming are giving promise of winning points with the weights. With this talent and our crack relay team, N. A. H. S. has captured four silver cups, and will add two more in the meets with Apollo Club and the High School, both of Jeffersonville.

Y. M. C. A. Indoor Meet, Feb. 28th, won by H. S., Leach taking first in the 50-ft. and 220-yard dashes; Emery, first in the quarter-mile; Beeler and Worsey, first and third, respectively, in the mile. The relay team captured a handsome silver cup.

On March 25th, N. A. Y. M. C. A. and N. A. H. S. won a meet from Louisville Y. M. C. A., and the relay team won another cup. Point winners for High School were Leach, Emery, Walker, G. Scott, Martin, Dowd, Worsey, Montgomery, and Beeler. In the famous Manual-First Regiment meet the relay team received medals for second place, and Capt. Leach took second place in the 75-yd. dash from the best high school sprinters in the South. The relay team won another cup in the Louisville Y. M. C. A. meet in the fast time of  $4.00\frac{3}{4}$ .

Preparations are being made to send some of our stars to the State Meet for High Schools which will occur May 22d at Lafayette.

To Stanley McClure, '06, this revival in track athletics is mainly due. McClure won points for High School while a student here, and has a thorough knowledge of track athletics. If he can be secured for coach next year, N. A. H. S. will be assured of another good year in track events.



Right Forward ..... Alfred Dowd  
 Left Forward ..... Floyd Fleming, Capt.  
 Center ..... Guy Scott  
 Right Guard ..... Scott Leach  
 Left Guard ..... Clarence Rogers  
 Center Guard ..... Urban Widman  
 Forward ..... Walter Conner

The Basketball Season of 1908-09 has been a great year for High School. The championship of New Albany was taken from the Keystones in a hot series of three games. Hanover College was defeated in the most exciting game of the year. This, more than anything else, showed the class of basketball N. A. H. S. was playing. No team before played such a hard and long schedule and yet no team has won so great a percentage of their games as the '08-'09 team.

Capt. Fleming, the aggressive forward, did not know what defeat meant. He made the most goals in one game, carrying sixteen at Madison. As a running mate to

Fleming was Dowd, the steadiest man on the team. He was almost sure on foul pitching. Scott at center was the fastest man on the team, leading all the rest in the total number of goals thrown. Leach and Rodgers were fast and capable guards who usually made more goals than the man they were guarding. Widman played every position on the team during the season and Conner was able to fill the forward position in a competent manner when called upon.

The superb coaching of Mr. Bravy accounts for the short quick passes and accurate team work displayed by the team this season.

N. A. H. S.	Opponents	
N. A. H. S. 36	Esperantos	10
N. A. H. S. 48	Jeffersonville H. S.	9
N. A. H. S. 29	Bedford H. S.	15
N. A. H. S. 18	Keystones	27
N. A. H. S. 34	Alumni	14
N. A. H. S. 54	Apollos	20
N. A. H. S. 42	Keystone Jrs.	12
N. A. H. S. 27	Hanover College	22
N. A. H. S. 82	Madison H. S.	8
N. A. H. S. 79	Madison H. S.	19
N. A. H. S. 27	Mitchell H. S.	19
N. A. H. S. 31	Mitchell H. S.	11
N. A. H. S. 24	Keystones	12
N. A. H. S. 31	Keystones	9
N. A. H. S. 562	Opponents	207

	Goals	Fouls
Fleming	45	14
Scott	65	34
Dowd	59	18
Leach	11	38
Rodgers	28	47
Widman	20	28
Conner	9	4





#### **GIRLS GLEE CLUB.**

The Girls Glee Club, composed of eight Senior girls, Irma Zinsmeister, Jessie Caldwell, Nell Lemmon, Mary Hill, Julia Schan, Mary Hieb, Ruth Shrader, and Lola Reid has been very popular in many of the Chapel programs. Under Miss Poucher's direction they sang National airs at the Lincoln Memorial exercises and firmly established their reputation with "Dixie Kid" and "Kentucky Babe" on Plantation morning. They appeared on St. Patrick's day and on High School Night during the Picture exhibit and on May 12 they gave their own concert of Spring Music with violin, vocal and piano solos by the different members.



### THE ORATORICAL AND MUSICAL CONTEST.

Four of the five representatives in the contest at Bedford were members of the Senior class: Dan Walsh, Jr., in boys' oration, Pauline Dale in girls' oration, Elizabeth Mulloy in reading and Nell Lemmon in vocal music. The piano contestant was Ruth Brown, of the 9-A class. The four gold medals that were brought home add to the victories of the school and three of them to honor of the Class of 1909. The decision against Pauline Dale was very close. The others were decided victories. The interest in the primary contest this year was very great, especially in the reading, and promises well for next year's contest.

On April 23rd the preliminary contest was held. Three boys entered for oratory. Herbert Moore, whose subject was "Uncle Sam," gave an original and entertaining oration. "Roosevelt and the New Era in Politics," by John Sweeney, was well received. Dan Walsh, with the subject, "Lincoln, the Typical American," was awarded the honor of representing the High School in the final contest. Pauline Dale had no competition in the girls' oration. Her subject was "Robert E. Lee."

The musical contests were won by Nell Lemmon and Ruth Brown. Others entering the contest were Agnes Cullivan, Elizabeth Cain for vocal music, while Jennie Joseph and Vera Fisher entered for instrumental. All gained a well deserved praise.

The reading contest proved the most difficult for the decision of the judges. The selections were of a widely differing character and proved very popular among the students. "Gentleman, the King," by Elizabeth Mulloy, was selected. Others entering the contest were Bonnie Morbley, Philip Brubeck, Mary Morrison, Hazel Patton, Hildred Funk, Rose Mulloy, Erdene Robinson, Mary Stotsenburg, Wiley Utz, Bessie Millican, Margaret Weissinger, Ethel Llewellyn, Edward Ridley, Ruth Plummer, Marian Owen, Jennie Pennington.

On May 7th the contest was held with Bedford, New Albany winning four medals. Dan Walsh, boys' oratory; Beatrix Henry, of Bedford, girls' oratory; Elizabeth Mulloy, reading; Nell Lemmon, vocal music, and Ruth Brown, instrumental.

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## The Rape of the Lock

What dire offence from jealous causes springs!  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!  
I sing—This verse to Juniors, Muse! is due;  
This even a Senior may vouchsafe to view.  
Say, what strange motive goddess thus employs  
Some well-bred Seniors to assault two Junior boys!  
Oh, say, what stranger cause yet unexplained  
Could make those Junior boys bring terms before disdained!  
Sol, through gymnasium windows shot a tim'rous ray  
As passing toward the West he marked the close of day.  
Now happy Freshmen gave themselves a shake,  
And dreaming Sophomores half past three awake.  
Thrice rung the bell, school books knock'd the ground.  
The warning whistle return'd a silver sound.  
The Seniors still their happy record press'd  
Their guardian sylphs prolong'd the balmy rest.  
Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain  
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main.  
Then issuing forth the rival Juniors came,  
And they through strength unknown won that same game.  
Then they with arrogance too well assumed  
When night drew nigh, and all the stars were hid, presumed  
To borrow shears for purposes well known  
And wear a lock of Senior hair, a trophy of their own.  
Now, John, to the destruction of mankind,  
Nourished two locks where he could always find  
Them slipping gently 'crost his forehead.  
And Sherman, whose soft curling locks had led  
His all-admiring friends a captive to his looks;  
He, the cause of ladies fair forgetting, quite, their books.  
Upon this night when Juniors proud had planned  
To overtake the Seniors, hiding low, and make a firm demand  
That they should joyfully release their hair.  
But Seniors, knowing well this wily snare,  
Went forth and met these lads upon a pilgrimage returning late,  
And such the life set down for all by fate,  
And such the course that overtakes the just:  
Both John and Sherman left their locks since Seniors said they must.  
Not all the tresses which their heads now boast  
Shall draw such trouble as those locks have cost.  
And many a sad vacation proved the rule  
That people entertaining forfeit school.  
Those locks the Muse shall consecrate to fame,  
And 'midst the stars inscribe the Seniors' name.





### TO THE MEDICINE MAN

O warrior brave, with hand extended high,  
If thou couldst speak, what would thy message bear?  
A benediction, promise, comment fair,  
Or warning of a hidden danger nigh?  
Perchance, thou gazeth into future night,  
And see the fortune that awaits us there.  
Ah! tell us of the pleasure and the care  
That lie beyond the reach of our own sight.  
But be thy mission whatsoe'er it may,  
To bless the present or to point the way  
To greater things, thy face serene and calm,  
Hast ever been a comfort and a balm,  
To us who, worried by small griefs and woes,  
Are by thee taught the peace of self-repose.

—E. I.

# N. A. H. S.



Faults	Pet Phrases	Disposition
Exaggerated Ego	I deem it	Unknown
Narrow Minded on Some Subjects	Now what do you know about that	Rather gentle
None	! ! ? ! ?	Sunny
Walking	Too bad but I can't help it	Not bad
Not Space Enough	How many of you want one of these hats	Changeable
Too Many to Mention	O cripes	Can't be described

# STATISTICS

Hobby	Ambition	Probable Attainments
Money	Lawyer	Pawnbroker
Elizabeth	To be a grocer	Deacon
Athletics	To enjoy life	Court Jester
Looks	To be handsome	Unsatisfactory
Dancing	To be popular	Uncertain
Giving advice	To write ads	Will write a novel



# Calendar

- SEPT. 8. Mr. Dirks appears with a mustache.  
 SEPT. 9. Foot Ball team turns out for practice.  
 SEPT. 10. Mr. McLinn begins the year, "Now, don't make me say don't."  
 SEPT. 11. Seniors are allowed to display themselves by marching from chapel.  
 SEPT. 14. Freshmen begin to talk.  
 SEPT. 15. Co-Education not approved. Girls spend the noon in auditorium; boys in gym.  
 SEPT. 16. Seniors get initiated into technical music.  
 SEPT. 18. Chorus goes to Music with no music books.  
 SEPT. 19. Manual game, 6-0, all right.  
 SEPT. 21. Commerce class study,  $7+3=10$ .  
 SEPT. 22. Discovery: No department system this year.  
 SEPT. 23. Mr. Jenkins walks on the grass.  
 SEPT. 24. Earl Evans and Robert Martin turn the hose on Mr. Kahl.  
 SEPT. 25. Too much talking; Miss Poucher angry.  
 SEPT. 26 and 27. Commerce class practice walking.  
 SEPT. 29. Griffin Pleiss sits with an arm around Mabel Bigwood.  
 SEPT. 30. Prof. Buerk appears in a derby.  
 OCT. 1. Seniors decide in favor of class hats.  
 OCT. 2. Stanley Walker gets a hair cut.  
 OCT. 3. First defeat. L. M. H. S. 2; N. A. H. S. 0.  
 OCT. 5. Miss Baerd wears black for the foot ball team.  
 OCT. 6. F. F. F. organized.  
 OCT. 7. Mr. Needham lectures on München.  
 OCT. 8. "Vista" earns money.  
 OCT. 9. First test; wild stampede of ponies.  
 OCT. 10. N. A. H. S. 19; K. M. I. 0.  
 OCT. 12. Sherman M. shows great ability as a ventriloquist.  
 OCT. 13. History department out of humor.  
 OCT. 14. Adaline Coffman sings in chapel.  
 OCT. 15. Roderick Dundonald says he is a Scotchman.  
 OCT. 16. Beginning of Blotter campaign; Harry I. on trail of quarters.  
 OCT. 17. N. A. H. S. 6; Salem 0.  
 OCT. 19. Reports appear. Occasional showers.  
 OCT. 20. Much disturbance. Seniors decide on pins.  
 OCT. 21. Mr. Kahl smiles out loud.  
 OCT. 22. A(ncient) O(rder) L(unch) G(rabbers) reorganized on girls' side.  
 OCT. 22. Mr. Kohlmeier refuses to tell his politics.  
 OCT. 26. Miss Woods reported married; great excitement.  
 OCT. 27. False alarm; Miss Wood not married.  
 OCT. 28. Aline Cerf falls down stairs head first; no one hurt.  
 OCT. 29. Mr. Kahl calls Charles Turner "Red."  
 OCT. 30. All prepare for Hallowe'en.  
 NOV. 2. Freshman asks if Senior pins came from Sears, Roebuck.  
 NOV. 3. Election. Mrs. McLinn returns.  
 NOV. 4. Jennie Joseph fails to ask a question in Civics.

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- Nov. 5. Newland Cannon wears a hat.  
 Nov. 6. Students become a self-governing body.  
 Nov. 8. Griffin is thrown down stairs by some rude boys.  
 Nov. 10. Football team disbands.  
 Nov. 11. Good people go home at 2:35.  
 Nov. 12. Sherman M. and Will R. go to Lafayette.  
 Nov. 17. Change from "Lady Arise" to "Sable garments."  
 Nov. 18. Mr. Grossman talks on Siam.  
 Nov. 20. Seniors receive pins.  
 Nov. 23. Basket Ball practice begins.  
 Nov. 24. Dan W. gives definition of a "case."  
 Nov. 25. Lecture on Holland.  
 Nov. 30. End of first vacation.  
 Dec. 1. Mr. Bravy announces his engagement.  
 Dec. 2. Mr. Rose, "the only original Englishman."  
 Dec. 3. First Basket Ball game, 36-10.  
 Dec. 4. Walter Conner acts as ice-man.  
 Dec. 7. Mr. Dirks hunts trouble.  
 Dec. 8. Mildred: "Can we give any reasons we don't think of?"  
 Dec. 9. "Joe Cannon" elected by Republicans of Senior class.  
 Dec. 10. Anna Sweeney and Mr. Bravy meet.  
 Dec. 13. Presentation of N's.  
 Dec. 15. Herbert Moore discovers a looking glass in Room 10.  
 Dec. 16. Trouble in Congress. Clifford filibusters.  
 Dec. 19. N. A. H. S., 29. Bedford H. S., 15.  
 Dec. 21. Mr. Jenkins fails to appear.  
 Jan. 2. N. A. H. S., 34. Alumni, 14.  
 Jan. 4. Superabundance of new neckties.  
 Jan. 6. Scott Leach, captain of track; Sherman, of baseball team.  
 Jan. 7. Margaret McD. only one minute late.  
 Jan. 8. Marian Neat rescued by valiant Senior.  
 Jan. 16. Hanover, 27-22. Right way.  
 Jan. 18. New supply of Freshmen.  
 Jan. 19. Dan W. caught carrying five studies.  
 Jan. 20. Miss Woodbury suddenly disappears.  
 Jan. 21. Boys divided into two classes.  
 Jan. 22. Mr. Kohlmiere shows ability for position on track team. Record score, 82-8.  
 Jan. 26. Monday afternoon classes begin for Seniors.  
 Jan. 27. Football pictures again postponed.  
 Jan. 28. Seniors celebrate (?) Mozart's birthday.  
 Jan. 29. Embryo orators discuss The Blotter.  
 Feb. 1. Boys' Glee Club visits the wreck. Practice postponed.  
 Feb. 2. Prof. Buerk lectures on missiles.  
 Feb. 4. Mr. Kahl much worried over the barometer.  
 Feb. 5. Basketball at Madison, 79-19.  
 Feb. 8. Seniors invited to Mr. McLinn's to see the picture of Satan.  
 Feb. 9. Furnace pipes electrocuted. Half holiday.  
 Feb. 10. Seniors vs. Sophomores.

- FEB. 11. Slight precipitation in H<sub>2</sub>O.
- FEB. 13. Good game at Mitchell, 27-19.
- FEB. 14.—May 28—Juniors discuss the reception.
- FEB. 15. Mr. Kohlmeier announces that Seniors will either drop Art or Civics.
- FEB. 18. Clifford LaDuc attempts to raise a window, so unusual, the window stuck.
- FEB. 19. Some boys appear with haircuts, others absent on an enforced vacation.
- FEB. 23. Boys return from vacation.
- FEB. 24. Seniors start for Heimberger's.
- FEB. 25. John Sweeney's hair begins to grow.
- FEB. 26. Y. M. C. A. indoor meet. We won.
- MAR. 1. Presentation of cup.
- MAR. 8. Will Bomke makes record time from 15th to 6th street.
- MAR. 9. A certain girl didn't giggle.
- MAR. 11. Vista managers ornament the blackboard.
- MAR. 13. N. A. H. S., 31. Mitchell H. S., 11.
- MAR. 17. "The wearing of the green." Irish celebrate in chapel.
- MAR. 18. Byron W. King gives a few samples.
- MAR. 19. Germans celebrate. Keystones, 12. US, 24.
- MAR. 20. Byron W. King talks to a "full" house.
- MAR. 22. Martin, Walker, Emery and Leach wear medals from Manual track meet.
- MAR. 24. Mr. Kahl calls on orchestra volunteers and gives music. Walter H. introduces his "Catalonian harp."
- MAR. 25. Another cup. More medals from Y. M. C. A.
- MAR. 26. 6-3. Seniors win. First time.
- MAR. 29. We begin to count weeks.
- MAR. 31. Orchestra recital. Mr. Newlon makes a visit.
- APRIL 1. Eda and Katherine take teachers to Mammoth Cave.
- APRIL 3. 24-0. Poor New Washington.
- APRIL 7. Seniors win inter-class meet.
- APRIL 10. Medico., 20. H. S., 5.
- APRIL 12. Seniors visit the ice house.
- APRIL 13. Spring has come. Light trousers and suits appear.
- APRIL 16. Senior Physics class goes to E-X-P-O.
- APRIL 17. Mr. Bravy takes Basketball team to (Mary) Anderson.
- APRIL 19. Dan Walsh begins installment plan to pay for his invitations.
- APRIL 20. Half holiday. Teachers go to E-X-P-O.
- APRIL 21. Characters distributed for Senior Class night
- APRIL 23. Oratorical primary.
- APRIL 24. 11-0. Too bad.
- APRIL 25. Will and Nell assaulted by Faust.
- APRIL 26. Invitations distributed.
- APRIL 27. Baseball misses practice.
- APRIL 28. N. A. H. S. vs. Male H. S.
- APRIL 29. Indiana day in chapel.
- APRIL 30. Vista goes to press. Editors to bed.
- MAY 23. Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. E. G. Kuenzler.
- MAY 26. Senior Class night. "Temple of Fame."
- MAY 28. Commencement.



# List of Pupils

## CLASS 9-A

Clarence Baker	Maurice Horn	Merrill Williams	Anna Cummins	Mary McDonough
Cyrus Barnes	Joe Kelley	Guy Wolfe	Martha Fess	Cleo Merriwether
Covert Beach	James Kenney	Claud Yates	Margaret Ferguson	Alice Moore
Alonso Benson	Raymond Lott	Ralph Schreiber	Esther Fleischer	Vinco Moore
Morris Best	George Mould	Pearl Austin	Edna Genung	Harriet Neat
Arthur Birtles	Thos. O'Donnel	Beatrice Blackiston	Lillian Gossling	Marian Owen
Milton Braeutigam	Treasurer	Vice-President	Irene Graybrook	Hazel Patton
Emmit Bullington	Edward Ridley	Ruth Booker	Lucile Hackett	Ruth Plummer
Noel Byrd	Stanley Scott	Pearl Bowman	May Hammersmith	Mary Scheller
Merlin Corcoran	Van Scott	Jessie Bradford	Mildred Heckel	Emma Schleicher
John Daniel	Ralph Smithwick	Mabel Brown	Hannah Hartley	Grace Sloan
Chester Dierking	Franklin Stork	Ruth Brown	Alberta Holst	Virginia Smith
Joe Egan	Chas. Turner	Violet Carnahan	Alma Hensing	Mary Stotsenburg
President	Wiley Utz	Ruth Crisland	Ruth Johnson	Ida Trinler
Carl Elliot	Secretary	Ruth Clark	Alice Kranz	Margaret Weissinger
Randall Frederick	James VanDalsen	Nova Crandall	Theresa Lidikay	Olyne Whealy
Clarence Genung	Robt. Weissinger			

## CLASS 9-B

Frank Bedford	Michael Pontrich	Nova Duncan	Alfred Corns	Florence Bisele
Charles Bradford	Addis Robertson	Ruth Haffen	Lawrence Frederick	Esther Goetz
Ralph Brubeck	Ira Wilcox	Irene Hazelwood	Spence Hegewald	Anna Gordon
Frank Byrn	Bullett Sweeney	Grace Mathers	Treasurer	Louise Grubbs
Frank Clipp	President	Stelva McBride	Walter Kaegie	May Jackson
Henry Eckert	Alfred Young	Lelia McCullom	James Reley	Eleanor McPheeters
Martin Hadlich	Frank Hanafae	Jennie Pennington	John Reley	Jessie Pierle
Bennet Heazlitt	Emily Brewer	Francis Reeves	Addison Rue	Letha Seigle
Arthur Klerner	Secretary	Bertha Robinson	Will Saries	Margot Schwenber-
Robert Levi	Ada Borkenheim	Pearl Simmons	Eunice Brooks	ger
Ray Lopp	Edna Davidson	Carol Smith	Maude Cox	Margaret Trinler
Addis Neat	Hazel Dowell	Agnes Cullivan	Vice President	Hazel Wilson

## CLASS 10-A

Adalena Coffman	Ivan Kelly	Grace Williamson	Boyd Rilling	Rachel McBride
Marcia Davis	Lena Knasel	Eugene Windell	Vergie Bedford	Rose Mulloy
Anita Diefenbach	William Kranz	Mayme Curl	Ruth Benson	Clara Olinick
Edith Emery	Victorine Leist	William Beck	Flora Burres	Irene Reeves
Eugene Eudris	Ethel Llewellyn	Sec. and Treas.	Ella Gardner	Irma Sagabiel
Lydia Fiske	Clifford Lyons	Arthur Flock	President	Mary Shirley
Urban Hand	Julius Moser	Virgil Gunn	Ruth Grimes	Mary Smith
Robert Hauss	Lena Payne	Bernet Leist	Viola Irwin	Lena Stratton
Richard Hendrich	Theodora Sauer	Clifford Miller	Nellie Kelly	Martin Venable
George Hunlow	Harold Ulmer	Willard Obenchain	Elva Lewis	Jennie Wheeler
Nellie Jacques	Alinda Widman	Rex Richard	Vice President	Katherine Willett

## CLASS 10-B

Miner Allen	Elmer Sevringhaus	Lelia Pennington	Ira Pectol	Manona Hanger
Norman Beeler	Treasurer	Margaret Rowe	Robert Reun	Secretary
Taber Brewer	George Stephens	Barbara Smith	Joseph Sherman	Mabel Kahl
Walter Brown	President	Eva Streepey	Clarence Strack	Clara Lee
Philip Brubeck	Raymond Stoy	Cora Williams	James Ballington	Martina Martin
Vice President	Henrietta Best	John Agnew	Florence Burns	Bessie Millican
Chas. Hassennüller	Helen Grubbs	Albert Crandall	Ethel Davis	Ollie Owens
Robert Jenkins	Bessie Jenkins	Orville Hamilton	Edith Dieckman	Margaret Rowell
William Kaiser	Ruth Joseph	John Hunlow	Mary Duncan	Isabelle Treber
Paul Morris	Catherine Newhouse	Doyle Montgomery	Jena Garrison	Margaret Williams
John Moffat	Edith Johantgen	Vivian Nunemacher	Madge Higgins	Virginia Pedigo
Otto Robinson				

## CLASS 11-A

Roy Daniels  
Gertrude Allen  
Carrie Beck  
Elizabeth Cain  
Jesse Crim  
Harold Davis  
Ida DeVore  
Bruce Emery  
Cletus Endris  
Pearl Hardin  
Clyde Hickman  
Charles Hilt  
Walter Heazlitt

Frances Hallawell  
Steele Kreutzer  
Lida Kremer  
Mary Morrison  
Nettie Pierle  
Grace Sloan  
Carrie Smith  
John Sweeney  
Irwin Streepey  
Forest Tucker  
President  
Cecil Vernia

William Weissinger  
Arlington Worsey  
Sherman Minton  
Carl Best  
Robert Martin  
Bessie Bradford  
Eleanor Conner  
Shirley Dundon  
Ruth Garrison  
Vice President  
Wilma Hanger  
Orpha Hilt

Esther Kahl  
Lisette Korphage  
Marie McConnell  
Hazel Meloy  
Jean Millican  
Helen Plummer  
Lydia Roberts  
Elizabeth Stoy  
Sec. and Treas.  
Ethel Wilson  
Alan Briscoe  
David Brubeck

Poucher Coleman  
Hubert Downey  
Harry Inman  
Russell Meekin  
Will Ridley  
Clarence Rodgers  
Ferd Wrege  
Allen Wolpert  
Vera Fisher  
Floyd Fleming  
Jennie Joseph  
Irene Brown

## CLASS 11-B

Harry Aldrich  
Earl Boyer  
Newland Cannon  
Perry Clapp  
Robt. Coleman  
Barth Crecelius  
Edward Devol  
President

Maurice Gohmann  
Raymond McQuiddy  
Frank Morris  
Marc Sanderson  
Guy Scott  
Will Strack  
Earl Williams  
Gladys Busenbark

Chas. Voigt  
Sec. and Treas.  
Harriet Crosier  
Hazel Dieckman  
Alberta Emery  
Mary Gill  
Gertrude Gurtz  
Emma Hieb

Margaret Holman  
Fay Kenney  
Vice President  
Frances Kraft  
Lila Krokkel  
Irma Maetschke  
Helen Meek  
Dezzie Patmore

Agnes Pedigo  
Alice Ramsdell  
Ethel Robertson  
Bess Ruthenburg  
Edna Schreiber  
Mary Sherlock  
Anna Sweeney

The book is done, and here to you  
We give it now—and so Adieu!

What you will say we can not tell;  
The best, we hope—and so Farewell!

We've done our part, that's all we'll say,  
What more could we?—and so Vale!

Give unto us not too much blame,  
That's all we ask—Auf Wiedersehen!

We were your choice, and that is why  
We've written this—and so Good-bye!



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CHICAGO

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Will Ridley—Mr. Jenkins, a line would not be imaginary if you had it in your imagination, would it?

Mr. Jenkins (to Allen Wolpert, staring dreamily out of the window)—Allen, you have apparently a vacant stare to me.

Elizabeth G. (in session room)—Here comes Will, I can tell his walk.

Mary Morrison (greatly terrified)—And can't you go to Commencement if you don't have a date? What will I do?

Mr. Embs (in Music)—You altos sound awfully weak. How many of you are absent?

Mr. Embs—Now if your seats are not present when I call the roll you will be marked absent.

Mr. Jenkins (in Geometry)—Irene, what is the limit?

Sherman Minton (in loud whisper)—Bangs.

---

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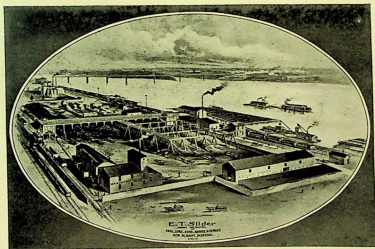
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## DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know Fay to deceive?  
Did you ever try Dan's stories to believe?  
Did you ever?  
No, you never.  
For you surely couldn't do it you perceive.

Did you ever see Hildred want to lend (her pen)?	Did you ever hear Miss Poucher quite command?
Did you ever see Herbert try to mend?	Did you ever see Clifford when he ran?
Did you ever?	Did you ever?
No, you never.	No, you never.
For it's really quite absurd, you comprehend?	For it really's not been done, you understand.
Did you ever hear Aline talk real slow?	Did you ever see Griffin climb a tree?
Did you ever see Will Bomke bend real low?	Did you ever see Will Strickland ride a flea?
Did you ever?	Did you ever?
No, you never.	No, you never.
For such things could never happen, don't you know.	For they simply couldn't do it, don't you see?

---



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Mr. Kohlmeier (in a great state of hilarity)—That's the funniest thing I ever saw. Ferd Wrege got a shoe buttoner hooked in his gills.

Roy Genung—Say, was Solomon the wise guy or was he the fellow that went down in the lion's den?

Mr. Kahl—How are other seeds scattered?

Senior A—Well touch-me-not pods are combustible and they bust and throw their seeds a good distance.

Griffin P—Then came Aeneas lame in a tear.

Bright Senior (reading Virgil)—And now I feel the foot prints of a former flame burning my heart.

First she was Nellie  
Then she was Nell  
The Day she will change it  
No one can tell.

Senior—Say you, what did they put that dollar sign on the building for?

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Hear the Glee Club sing,  
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Prac tic-ing.

Prof. Buerk was in his office,  
Away across the hall;  
Mr. Carrick, in the basement,  
Let his dust-brush fall.

For suddenly there came a sound:  
Prof. rose from his chair;  
He and Mr. Carrick  
Grabbed for their hair.

But when the thing was over  
They were in full repaid,  
For the boys showed signs of promise  
Tho some were sore afraid.

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Mr. Kohlmeier—Name one industrial organization.

Urban W.—Well, the Salvation Army.

Mr. Kahl—Now shake your heads and look at this. I noticed this morning that some of the girls in the Chemistry class had to hold their heads before they could shake them.

This is our boy Dan,  
Not a plain-looking lad;  
He is not very good,  
Nor yet very bad.

One day while out roaming,  
On no mischief bent;  
He broke the barometer,  
Nine-fifty he spent.

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Good Advice on All Subjects—Professor Bravy.	8 volumes	.20
The Football and Its Uses. Treatise by Stanley Walker, A. B. (on this subject).		.50
Catalog of Information. (Very popular.) Especially compiled by Pauline Dale.	3 volumes	.30
How to Make a Date for Commencement. Very helpful to those desiring information—Griffin Pleiss.		.10
Practical Ideas for the Minister's Wife to Foster—Fay Lewis.		2.50
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Junior—Been huntin' a job?

Senior—O, no I've been down at the Panama canal drowning cat fish.

Dan—Yes, I had an uncle born in Germany who lived with the Irish so long that he got an Irish brogue.

Dan (writing up Blotter)—Under what head shall I put this, "Discovery made in Professor Kahl's science class on dynamo commutator."

Bright board in chorus—Under current events.

Sophomore—Have you had your picture taken yet?

Senior—No, but that's all I have left, there's my locker.

We hope that—

Mildred will finish her sneeze.

Dan will always have a *new* story of his relatives.

Clifford will make MONEY.

Maud Thomas will never be noisy.

"Dutch" Day will not lose his smile.

59-2549

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# Levy's

"The Bright Spot" In Louisville

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Furnishings  
Hats and Shoes  
For Men and Boys

Shoes and Hosiery for Ladies and Girls

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They that write Physics notes on Monday,

Have all the week to rest;

They that write on Tuesday,

Know what is best.

They that write on Wednesday,

Are quite a deal to blame;

They that write on Thursday,

Do so with shame.

They that write on Friday,

Haven't much need,

For Mr. Kahl knows it,

So the class grade's gone indeed.

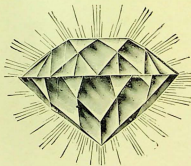
Pauline Dale—And here he sees his very ears torn from his forehead.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Guy Scott, the only boy in school who has not paid five cents for his class picture.

Mary Hill—Oh, I didn't know a thing; of course, I failed on the test; why, I didn't get a one.

The next day (weekly)—Well, yes, I did get a hundred.

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We import our Diamonds direct from the cutters at Amsterdam, enabling us to obtain the very finest gems. We mount them in exquisite designs in our own factory. Thus we are able to sell to you at Original Importers' Prices.

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**"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINT-  
ANCE BE FORGOT?"**

Mr. McLinn—Now, there are eleven members of the faculty and myself, that makes thirteen.

Important meeting of Juniors in Room 12 to discuss the reception.

Ah, Elaine fair whose is the shield you keep  
With tireless care in waking or in sleep?

Who is the knight who now your favor wears,

Who now dissembles by the shield he bears?  
Etc.

Mr. Kahl—Now, this is very expensive. It cost us \$20 and you would have to pay much more.

Miss Baerd—When Professor Butler gave his lectures at Columbia.

Clifford LaDuc—And the rose of purity shall blossom in the lap of prosperity.

Dan Walsh—Moses and the second land of promise.

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She was a High-School girl, she might have  
been a thief;  
She came and got my book, without so  
much as 'by your leave.'

Mr. Kohlmeier (in Civics)—Can you explain that Jesse—Ruth, well good land explain it Helen, anybody that was dense could do that.

I went to get it, my book was not at home;  
Since I couldn't get my lesson, I started to  
roam.

She was a High-School girl, she might have  
been a thief;  
But still I admire that girl, 'cause she made  
one lesson brief.

Instructor—Why were labor unions not  
needed at this time?

Margaret S.—Back at that time people  
didn't have any heads.

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## University of Louisville

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### Law Department

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